



The Decades of Riley Burnes



👁 29 ✓ 0 ★ 2

Chapter 1 by Kendall

Each chapter is a consecutive decade of life. Chapter 1: childhood, Chapter 2: twenties, Chapter 3: thirties, etc. Long chapters are welcome, afterall, it should cover the most important memories in each ten year period.

Meet Riley Burnes.

I was an interesting child, I guess if you'd like to put it politely... My best friends were my siblings, I was a music geek and a baseball fanatic. I grew up in York, Pennsylvania as the eldest of three children. My parents, Lillian and Steven, owned a small secondhand bookstore in which, interestingly enough, my younger brother lived in for three months.

My dad provoked my love of music on my fourth birthday in '92. Recieving his old guitar is my earliest memory, he made sure to pass his beloved acoustic down to his first son. I named it Ruby, as it had a ruby red pick guard.

In 1993, my little brother Colin was born. I was five, and my sister was three. I also remember being enrolled in Little League the year after. I was on the team and the best short stop for all seven years I played.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

I performed my first concert that night. I was signed on to perform. It was the first best day of my life. My mom had pushed me out of the store because my playing was distracting her, so I

sat with my sister, Ava, on the street corner and played. She danced, as any five year old would, and I used my baseball cap to catch any spare change thrown our way.

After that, my dad had made Saturday nights designated *Riley Night*. We would open up the doors of the shop and I would attract people from three blocks down with songs written by ten-year-old me.

When I was twelve, I recieved my first ukulele after earning straight A's for an entire school year. It took my dad three months to get the money, as the store wasn't doing too well at the time, but I still recall that ukulele being the most cherished gift I've ever recieved.

The years after I turned thirteen were a blur. Collin was finally old enough to accompany Ava and I to the creek behind our house. The three of us and my best friend, Sadie Ward, had built a rope swing that sat over the water. My childhood was memorable, carefree, and beyond compare.

High school started out rough for me.

Sadie and I had met in the fourth grade. Her parents were in the process of a divorce, so she quickly became the second Burnes daughter, always over for dinner and holidays. She and Ava quickly grew close, despite the three year age gap.

She had moved to South Dakota before we started our freshman year at Woolridge High. I was crushed. My nose and ears were still too big for my head, my curly hair was the center of attention, and worst of all, I had lost the love of my life.

Sophomore year things started looking up. I had gotten my lisense (the second best day of my life), made the Varsity baseball team, and carrying my ukulele around with me finally started to pay off. I had set up my own little business, charging \$5 to serenade needy girlfriends during lunch in the courtyard. That was also the year of my first suspension... apparently school is not the place for your first business start-up.

Junior year seemed to last only a few weeks. I had discovered the magic power of a good hair cut and I was becoming known as the captain of the Varsity baseball team, and

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Sadie was long gone, in the back of my mind, never returning my phone calls or penpal attempts. So with my newfound freedom came the discovery of one Rosemary Watkins.

Rose and I became "official" over the summer before senior year. She was my first girlfriend, first prom date, first kiss. Her lips are the memory that is the third best day of my life.

Highschool ended on a high note, thankfully enough. Rose and I graduated, I was accepted to the University of North Carolina playing ball, and she was headed to Notre Dame. I was sure a break up was secured in the near future, but I had never expected it to happen the way it did.

Surprisingly, we had lasted two years into college, up until my twentieth birthday. Not only had I come home to celebrate, but so did Sadie...

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

 You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account